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## JEALOUSIES OF THE EMPLOYED AGAINST EMPLOYERS.

It is understood that a strong feeling of jealousy has lately been taking possession of the minds of the operative classes respecting capital and capitalists. From being accustomed to contend with capitalists, and that in no friendly spirit on many occasions, for advance of wages, a large portion of the workmen, especially in the factories, have adopted the notion that Capital is the natural enemy of Labour, instead of being, as heretofore generally supposed, and as asserted by political economists, its natural cherisher and support. We cannot but regret an error, which, in the first place, could scarcely have arisen but from a sense of wrong and suffering, and, in the second, must tend to produce alienation and distrust where it is desirable that amity should reign. We do believe that the condition of the working-classes is not what it ought to be, or what the advanced knowledge of all will ultimately make it; but their irritations, however natural and unavoidable, find wrong objects in capital and capitalists.

It is true to say that capital is nothing but the saved and accumulated results of labour—what has been spared from the gains of industry to promote further exertions. This is what political science tells us, and it is practically supported in the case of the vast cotton factories of England, where the resentment of labour against capital is perhaps most extreme. Mr Rickards, the inspector of the Lancashire district, after mentioning that the most of the mechanical improvements in the cotton-spinning business have taken their rise from "the natural genius of uneducated men, moving in the condition of common workmen or labourers," says, "I believe it may be safely added, that every one of the great fortunes and immense establishments existing in the manufacturing districts, may be traced to the *minute savings of common operatives*, who, from the smallest of small beginnings, have, by prudence, skill, and unremitting perseverance and industry, raised themselves, with unexampled rapidity, to a pinnacle of wealth and importance, which, but for its existence, could scarcely be believed." Mr Rickards mentioned this fact some years ago, without any view to the question we are here arguing, so that it tells with peculiar force. But common observation every where proclaims the same truth. In all our large manufacturing towns, it is notorious that most of the masters either have been originally workmen, or at least are the sons of workmen. Every where we see, as in Napoleon's army, that just and right state of things, talent, industry, and self-denial, constantly ascending from the ranks, and taking their natural place.

If all workmen continue, as before, to have it in their power thus to realise the benefit of their natural gifts, and to attain promotion, as it were, from labour to capital, they may at least be satisfied that there is no abstract reason for their entertaining a hostile feeling towards it. As well might Napoleon's common soldiery have expressed a detestation of the order of the Legion of Honour.

But it will be said that labourers, when they have become capitalists, acquire new views and new sympathies, and immediately begin to act as the enemies of the labouring class. They certainly are in a different position, but they are not necessarily to be considered as the enemies of their former friends. It was formerly their interest that wages should be as high as possible: now, being employers, it is their interest that wages should be as low as possible. But is hostility a proper word for this new relation? As reasonable would it be to say that every two who make a

common bargain, or buy and sell together, are enemies. To seek, in the one case, to make labour as cheap as possible, is quite as legitimate as to seek, in the other, to make it dear. The human being is in both cases pursuing legitimately the course which he thinks most suited to his interest. As long as we have the competing principle generally at work amongst us, instead of the co-operative, it must be the height of folly to quarrel with the fair and reasonable efforts of either Labour to elevate, or Capital to depress, wages; for, by what other means can that balance be attained, which is likely to be just to both parties? In less serious circumstances, indeed, it would appear as only a kind of childishness for those who confessedly wish to make the best market of their labour, to complain that their employers endeavour to make the best market of their capital.

It may be said that the capitalists get, upon the whole, an undue share of the profits of manufactures; but this does not appear to be the case. Let us take the cotton manufacture as an example. In a calculation respecting this branch of the national industry in 1833, the whole produce or value was set down at L.31,338,693, from which L.8,244,693 was deducted for value of the raw material. A further sum of L.2,600,000 was set aside for repair of waste in machinery, &c., flour required in dressing, coal, insurances, and other regular expenses, leaving L.20,494,000 to be disposed of among labourers and employers. Now, what was the proportion which the labourers received out of this large sum? No less than L.17,094,000, or five-sixths of the whole—the returns of the employers being the remaining L.3,400,000. If we consider that in the cotton manufacture there is embarked about L.30,000,000 of capital, which could be employed otherwise to the advantage of the owners, and if we consider that skill and enterprise are also here claiming their reward, we shall not deem the employers overpaid. The case is indeed simply this—that a certain number of persons, enriched by the savings of their own personal industry, keep thirty millions of money engaged in a certain line of business, which produces seventeen millions annually for workmen, and three and a half, or one-sixth of the total amount, for themselves. Supposing all other branches of manufacture to be in the same circumstances, it would appear that capitalists, so far from being the enemies of the working-classes, are actually using their gains for the production of an annual profit of which five-sixths go to those very workmen.

It cannot, of course, be said that the capitalists are not entitled to a fair return for their capital, for every one will acknowledge that that capital could easily be made profitable in some other way. But it may be said that the return is too great. L.3,400,000 upon L.30,000,000 of capital, is above ten per cent., while legal interest is only five. But when money is embarked in any kind of venture, where there is a chance of loss as well as of profit, no one is content with legal interest. Few men possessing money would risk it in trade, and at the same time give their skill, ingenuity, labour, and time, for less than a hope of the gain of ten per cent. The gains, then, at least, of the master cotton-manufacturers, are not too great, either considering them as a class or as individuals.

From these statements an interesting reflection arises—that the national industry is in the main a thing for the benefit of the masses. Of the cotton manufacture, for instance, the immediate effect is the support of about fifteen hundred thousand persons—operatives and the connections of operatives—who would not otherwise have existed. The national po-

pulation has, in this way, a tenth added to it, and that tenth not the least happy of its whole number. Compared with this grand result, the distribution of three and a half millions among the capitalists is a trifle not worthy of consideration, except as a means of keeping up the exertions and supplying the food of the fifteen hundred thousand working-people. And this fact, it may be observed, harmonises with all we know, through other channels, of the relative gains of the various portions of the community. The working-people of the country are notoriously the great consumers, and pay most of the taxes. How can we doubt it, when we see that five-sixths of the boasted profits of the cotton-factory—the right arm of England—go into their pockets?

It cannot be supposed, from these observations, that we would like to see the operatives become unthinking instruments in the hands of the employers, or cease to pursue their own interests in a right way. All we contend for is, that there is no reason for their beholding employers with a hostile feeling. In reality, whatever be the evils under which the manufacturing classes of this country suffer, none of them are inflicted, in ordinary circumstances, either by masters upon workmen, or by workmen upon masters. They proceed from sources quite foreign to the whole class. The interests of masters and workmen are essentially identified. When the profits of capital are high, the wages of labour are good: when low, the wages are reduced. All the efforts of all the men on earth could not change these laws, for they are based amidst the roots of human nature itself. Neither can any employer induce men to work below the rate at which profit establishes wages, nor can any workman induce a master to pay him at a rate above what the rate of his profits will allow. And this expressly, because, when profits are good, capitalists are anxious to have work done, and compete for workmen, and because, when they are low, they are not anxious to have workmen, and only can be induced to retain them by a reduction of the rate of wages. Moral affairs of this kind proceed with all the irresistible force of the great physical laws: as well try to give a check to the law of gravitation itself, as to counteract the principles which regulate the rise and fall of wages.

Are combinations, then, to be condemned? or are they altogether vain? The right of workmen to combine to obtain an advance of wages, or to establish any other beneficial arrangement in their condition, is undoubted. A law more subversive of natural right than that which once prevented all combination, could scarcely be imagined. But the legitimate sphere of combination is *within* the great circumstances which regulate the rise and fall of prices, profits, and wages. It cannot raise the labourer's remuneration above what the employer can afford to pay; but it may be an expedient necessary to be adopted, in order to bring wages up to that point. In this light, it is merely a peculiar mode of conducting the bargain between employers and workmen. But combination often goes beyond this, its fair range of operation, and is used as a means of forcing wages above the natural level. And, unquestionably, there is a certain advantage which it may thus obtain. Employers, for instance, may rather forfeit a portion of their fair and due share of profit, than be subjected to the annoyance and loss arising from a stoppage of their works. But this is an injustice—as rank an oppression as singular tyranny could commit—and its benefits cannot be expected to be permanent. In general, combinations which aim at such objects are more hurtful to the workmen than to the employers—and this for a very obvious reason.

The cessation of work, which is the means of carrying out the design of the combination, causes, in the cotton manufacture for instance, a loss of much more money to the workmen than to the masters. The operatives are, in fact, the chief parties concerned in carrying on the work, and should be the last persons in the world to stop it. When a strike takes place in a factory of this kind, no doubt a vast amount of capital is laid idle. But the loss from this cause to the employer is nothing in comparison with that which befalls the workmen. The capital invested in cotton-mills is variously calculated between L.60 and L.100 for each man working in them. We shall take the highest calculation, L.100, which, at legal interest, or five per cent., gives a loss to the master of nearly two shillings a-week upon each man, as far as capital is concerned. But as ten per cent. has been represented as the entire return of masters upon the capital employed, we shall allow that the loss is four shillings per week per man. To ascertain the contemporaneous loss of the workmen, it may be fair to take an average upon the wages of sixty-seven thousand eight hundred and nineteen English mill operatives, recently ascertained from returns to be L.141,635, 5s. 7½d. The average is above forty-one shillings per week, or ten times the amount of the master's entire rate of loss, and twenty times his loss on capital only. The master is at the same time in the enviable position of a moneyed man, one who can bear with loss much better than the workman. He is secure from all physical damage or distress on account of the cessation of his business. The case is thus shown to be overwhelming against the workmen; and the practical result accordingly is, that, usually, after much suffering, the recusants have to yield. Under such circumstances, strikes which have an object beyond the legitimate scope of competition, appear as the most unnatural of events; nor could we be made theoretically to believe that such events could ever happen, if we did not know, that, under ignorance, frantic feelings of anger, and over-excited love of gain, men will do many things which others see to be unfavourable to their interests.

In combinations, another trespass beyond the fair line is often made. They are frequently formed by a particular class of the workmen concerned in a certain department of manufacture—generally the classes whose labour is of the skilled kind—with a view to defend what we may call their advantageous position from the intrusion of unskilled workmen. Men, for instance, earning thirty or forty shillings a-week, by virtue of some small craft or skill in their labour, endeavour, by regulations amongst themselves, to prevent more than a certain number of persons being reared to the trade, and to prevent other labourers from being adopted into it, to supply their own place in the event of their combining against the masters. This is plainly making a monopoly of good wages, and strikes as much at men four times poorer than themselves, as at the masters. It is a tyranny over both the weak and the strong.

We make these observations in the best spirit towards the operatives, whose interests we have sincerely at heart. They are a class rising rapidly in intelligence, and consequently in power, in this empire; and, notwithstanding all circumstances that may appear to the contrary, we believe them to be, upon the whole, well-meaning and honest. They are not, however, any more than the other classes of our community, fully enlightened, and are consequently apt to fall into serious errors. We conceive the feeling which has lately arisen amongst them respecting capital and capitalists, to be an error, and have endeavoured to show them that it is so. But we do not pretend to be infallible, and our remarks will only have weight in as far as they are consistent with sound philosophy. It seems highly desirable that efforts should thus be made to save the operative classes from such errors. A philanthropic spirit, pregnant with the best results, has of late years been taking possession of the middle and upper classes, respecting the operatives. They are now treated more upon a footing of equality than they ever were before in the world's history, and deference is even paid to their speculative opinions. We should like ill to see this good feeling checked or repelled by any injudicious procedure on their own part. It is for this reason that we have ventured to enter into the preceding calculations and arguments. In conclusion, we repeat our firm belief, that the interests of the masters and workmen are one and not divisible; that, in regarding capital and capitalists with jealousy, and seeking to render the latter uneasy, workmen are

wreaking out feelings arising from evils which have a different source; and that such procedure, so far from tending to mitigate those evils, gives them permanency, and generates others.

#### SCENES AND STORIES OF VILLAGE LIFE.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

##### THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER.

SELINA STANFIELD was one of the prettiest girls in the scattered village of Woodfield; and with her father, a decayed squire of ancient descent, occupied the last remaining ruinous fragment of the old turreted hall at the end of the lane leading to Blackmere Common—as desolate a spot as a traveller may meet with in the course of a ride of thirty miles over the bleak plains that lie on the western extremity of Norfolk. Selina, who had had the misfortune of losing her mother in her childhood, had picked up a sort of desultory education from her father, and an old maiden gentlewoman, of very slender attainments, her aunt; under whose united auspices she learned to read, write, cast accounts, and to play a few tunes on an old cracked harpsichord which had belonged to her grandmother. She could also embroider filigree, and work gentlemen's ruffles; which last accomplishment, all things considered, was rather a supernumerary acquirement for a heroine of the nineteenth century; but Aunt Bridget, who had been celebrated for her performances in this way, assured her pupil that no young lady would be regarded as a well-educated person unless she were capable of executing such handiworks.

At the age of fifteen, Selina was very pretty, and highly sentimental; had read all the old romances in her aunt's closet by stealth; and it was the ardent wish of her heart to experience a few distresses and marvellous adventures; it was, moreover, her secret desire to become the wife of a bandit chief.

Notwithstanding his fine name, no creature could be less like one of those lawless but far-famed desperadoes, than Albert Orlando Fisher, the ruddy, good-tempered son of a deceased naval lieutenant. Albert, with his poor mother, and eight juvenile brethren, occupied a thatched cottage in the centre of an old monastic enclosure called the Priory; and, for an hour every day, put on his best clothes, for the purpose of shining peerless in the eyes of his fair neighbour, when he walked past her father's gate at noon, or called to bring him a weekly newspaper (a week old), which he had borrowed of the village apothecary for the squire's reading.

Selina was far from being insensible that those attentions were designed for her; and she graciously permitted Albert Orlando to walk by her side to and from church, when papa was confined to his chamber with the gout, and Aunt Bridget staid at home to take care of him. She also condescended to avail herself of his services in smuggling into the house, unknown to papa and aunt, the contraband article of new novels from the circulating-library at the nearest market-town, which was six miles distant from Woodfield. She accepted the daily offering of flowers which he privily made to her, with the rustic but not unpleasing gallantry in which love instructs his most untaught votaries; and she read with assumed dignity, but secret rapture, the "amatory doggerel rhymes, of Cupid's own inditing," which he addressed to her at certain interesting times and seasons, such as birthdays, new years, and Valentine's anniversaries.

She all of a sudden grew vastly intimate with his mother, who, good woman, felt herself greatly honoured by the calls of Miss Selina. She became fond of lonely rambles on Blackmere Common; a similar taste existed on the part of Albert Orlando Fisher;—and by some secret sympathy, I suppose, it happened that they always chose the same hour for their walks.

He commenced instructing her in botany; and she, in return, laboured to imbue his mind with the elevated and heroic sentiments, in which his deficiency was but too apparent, even in her partial eyes. Albert Orlando, who was a mere matter-of-fact sort of person, did not comprehend much of Selina's refinement, but, lover-like, he listened with great admiration to all she said, and told every one who asked any questions respecting his fair Selina, that she was the prettiest girl for ten miles round, and was clever enough to puzzle an Oxford scholar; which speech gave rise to the report that Miss Stanfield understood Greek and Latin better than the parson, a gentleman whom we have now occasion to introduce to our readers.

The reverend preacher was precisely of that perilous age when single gentlemen, arrived at the verge of decided old bachelorism, evince much painful anxiety to form a matrimonial connection of a nature sufficiently advantageous to satisfy their own self-esteem; and, abandoning all caution, contract such marriages as cannot fail to amuse the lovers of the marvellous. He possessed an eye for beauty, and began to regard the fair Selina with no common interest, in consequence of the attention which his egotistical pedantry had induced him to pay to her; and falling into an error, by no means unusual among vain people, of attributing his own sentiments to her, he at length persuaded himself into the belief that the young beauty would esteem herself the most fortunate of her sex in becoming his wife. He had no sooner arrived at this flattering conclusion, than he commenced a course of

diurnal annoyances, in the shape of morning calls and friendly tea-visits at Blackmere Hall; to the infinite satisfaction of Mrs Bridget Stanfield, who, no less egotistical than good Parson Bell, placed all these civilities to her own account, and invariably sent her pretty niece out of the way whenever she spied the portly divine, with his umbrella under his arm, ambling up the old avenue of chestnut trees leading to the house. This was vastly agreeable to Selina, who was thus enabled to enjoy many opportunities of unreserved intercourse with young Fisher. Parson Bell, however, was too cunning to be thus easily outwitted; nor had he lived so long in single blessedness to be caught at last by a spinster of fifty years' standing. He soon discovered the drift of aunt Bridget, and was at length awake to the mortifying fact, that Selina had bestowed her youthful affections on a young and handsome lover; but one, withal, whose poverty, even more than his want of refinement, would present an insuperable barrier against his union with Selina Stanfield. Still he was a formidable rival. He was the only young man in the village whose station in society would entitle him to make pretensions to the daughter of proud Squire Stanfield. As for the squire, the overweening ideas of his own importance, and the claims of his ancient family, appeared to increase as the means necessary to substantiate those claims decreased. Field after field of the family estate had been alienated from the patrimony by his predecessors, to portion off their daughters, or to provide for the numerous train of younger sons which had blessed their union with dowerless beauties, till Reginald Stanfield and his sister Bridget found themselves in possession of little more of the goods of fortune than sufficed to supply them with the bare necessities of life.

Reginald Stanfield felt these things severely, but his indolent disposition would have prevented him from making any exertions towards improving his situation, even had he possessed the capabilities of so doing. His education had been neglected, and his natural abilities by no means furnished him with those resources which might have assisted him in a struggle to recover the bygone prosperity of his race. His keen perception of the disadvantages under which his straitened circumstances would oblige him to appear if he mingled in society, induced him to lead the life of an anchorite in the very prime of his days; and so long had he persevered in this self-imposed seclusion, that any infringement on his solitary habits would have been most irksome to him. He saw his lovely and only child—the last of that line of whose name and reminiscences he was so proud—stepping fast into womanhood, without the most remote prospect of enjoying any of those advantages so requisite for a young female, who is likely to be but slenderly provided with the goods of fortune; and he sometimes reflected with anxiety on the subject of her future destiny. Such thoughts, however, were painful; and therefore Mr Stanfield, consistently with his natural and acquired indolence of mind, abandoned them for the more agreeable occupation of his favourite heraldic studies.

The visits of Parson Bell he at first considered intrusive, but every man is assailable when his weak side is known. Reginald Stanfield's might have been perceptible to a child, and was therefore sufficiently open to the cunning divine, who plied him so successfully with flattery, and rendered himself so agreeable by the civilities of lending him books, newspapers, magazines, and sending him occasional presents of game and fish, that the favour of the old squire was completely propitiated; and he at length heard without displeasure, though certainly with some surprise, his neighbour's proposal for Selina's hand.

The lover talked of settlements on his future bride, and represented, in many tempting terms, the increase of comforts that must accrue to Mr Stanfield himself from the connection. The slight objections urged by the father of the young beauty, on the score of disparity of age, were easily answered. Selina was summoned; and, after a suitable preamble, the old squire presented the Rev. Joseph Bell to her in due form, as the gentleman whom he designed for her future husband. Selina stood aghast at a communication so truly unexpected; then, after a moment's recollection, exclaimed with great naïveté, "Dear papa, you have mistaken me for aunt Bridget. Mr Bell is her lover, not mine. I'll go and call her;" and, without paying the slightest regard to the expostulations of her antiquated suitor or the anger of her father, she darted out of the room, and with breathless haste sought her aunt, whom she dispatched to join the astonished pair in the study. As may naturally be supposed, the squire and the worthy ecclesiastic were wholly unprepared for so unprecedented a proceeding on the part of a young lady when receiving a proposal of marriage. But Selina knew nothing of the world or its forms, and when surprised out of her acquired habits of romance, she invariably conducted herself in a most original manner. Whilst under the influence of these feelings, her first impulse was to avail herself of the respite she had ingeniously procured, to seek her youthful lover, and acquaint him with the scene that had just taken place. Albert Orlando, who loved her with all the ardour of which a young warm heart is capable, and who was withal of a more shrewd and observant character than herself, saw much occasion for alarm when he considered the circumstances of the case, and reflected that Mr Stanfield might have accepted from his designing neighbour pecuniary obligations, which there could



be no means of repaying otherwise than by the sacrifice of Selina's hand.

Selina, who observed the change of his countenance, assured him that there was not the slightest cause for uneasiness, as her heart was unalterably his; and protested her antipathy to her middle-aged lover in terms sufficiently energetic to have made a figure in a tragedy, or a melo-drama at the least.

"Oh, but circumstances may, and I fear will, compel you to become his wife, my sweet Selina," said young Fisher despondingly.

"Albert, if I thought such a thing possible, I would elope with you this very night, and thus put it out of the power even of fate to entail upon me a destiny so full of woe." Albert, with a deep sigh, cut short this romantic effusion by producing the whole of his worldly wealth, consisting of three shillings and fourpence halfpenny, not half enough, as he observed, to cover the expenses of their marriage by banns; and then what resources had either of them for a maintenance? Selina, in direct terms, proposed that Albert should become either a pirate or a bandit. "My love," replied the young man, laughing, "either of those high-sounding but villainous professions, even if practicable in these days, would conduct me post-haste to the gallows."

"Oh, but you do not know what interesting people pirates and brigands are!" "Very grand sort of fellows in the pages of romance I will allow, Selina; but heaven defend us both from the acquaintance and principles of such gentry in real life."

"But what other resource have you, Albert?"

"Heaven be praised, a very substantial one, my dear girl," said the young man, in a cheerful tone. "Patience! pretty Selina, and you will yet be mine; but, before I can indulge the rapturous hope of calling you my own, I must pass some years of patient expectation in active and industrious exertions."

Selina, of course, eagerly demanded an explanation, which Albert Orlando gave, by putting into her hand a letter, received that morning by his mother, from a distant relation, who was established in a prosperous business as a hosier and draper in Norwich. The contents were as follows:—

"DEAR MADAM—I take the liberty of addressing you, in consequence of a letter from the reverend minister of your parish, Mr Joseph Bell, dated the first of this present month, in which he informs me that you have been left with a large family in a very destitute condition, by the death of my deceased kinsman, and that your eldest son in particular, whom he describes as a fine lad of eighteen, writing a good hand, and clever at accounts, has been, owing to your straitened circumstances, brought up without a business, and likely, in consequence, to fall into idle, disorderly habits, though at present he represents him as a steady, modest, respectable youth, which I have great pleasure in learning; and I beg leave to say, my dear madam, that, as a relation of the family, and a single man without any incumbrances, I shall consider it my duty to take him by the hand. Luckily, a vacancy for an apprentice, in my well-established house of business, occurs at this time, which affords me the opportunity of serving the lad in the most essential manner, by taking him into my own family and shop, where, if he thinks proper to behave himself in a praiseworthy manner, it will be much to his own interest, as I am getting into years, and may possibly, if he prove deserving of my favour, and clever in the business, take him into the firm as a junior partner. Waiting your reply, I am, dear madam, your humble servant,

RALPH FISHER."

"What do you think of that, my pretty Selina?" demanded Albert Orlando, in a tone of exultation.

"I think!" echoed Selina, disdainfully, all the pride of the Stanfields flushing her countenance as she spoke: "I think that, were I a man, I would rather die than condescend to become a hosier's apprentice!"

"Then, of course, you would never condescend to become the wife of a man who had filled such a situation," retorted Albert Orlando, with great pique.

Selina was silent.

"Miss Stanfield," resumed the young man, "the destiny which is offered to my acceptance by your worthy cousin is not very agreeable to the son of a naval officer; but a better and a wiser man than myself has observed, that 'we are not our own carvers.' Nothing can be justly called mean or dishonourable that is not dishonest; and my duty to my mother and family compels me to embrace a disagreeable occupation, even at the price of a sacrifice upon which I had not calculated."

Selina burst into tears. "I have no wish to influence your destiny, Mr Fisher," said she, turning away.

"If you loved me, Selina, you would endeavour to strengthen my virtuous resolution, instead of acting thus unkindly; but I suppose you wish to break your engagement with me, that you may be free to marry old Parson Bell."

"I am not aware that I am compelled to marry either of you," replied Selina. "Old Parson Bell, as you call him, appears, however, to have taken his measures very skillfully for our separation; and it must be confessed, Mr Fisher, that you have completely fallen into his plans." So saying, the offended beauty walked away with great dignity.

"Stay, Selina!" cried the agitated lover.

"Wait till Selina Stanfield is at your beck and call, before you presume to issue your commands, sir," replied the lady: and thus they parted.

The Rev. Joseph Bell reaped no advantage from the success of the schemes by means of which he had separated the youthful lovers; for he became, in consequence, so odious to the fair Selina, that she refused to enter the same room with him, on account, as she said, of the disrespect with which he had treated aunt Bridget, to whom she pertinaciously referred whenever she was called upon by her father or any one else to show cause for her proceedings.

Aunt Bridget, who was penetrated with gratitude at this instance of her niece's dutiful respect, united with her in taking active measures for the expulsion of their quotidian annoyance from the ruins of Blackmere Hall, which he haunted like an evil genius. The parson, however, spared no pains in rendering himself agreeable to the old squire, over whose feeble mind he daily acquired a stronger influence; but I believe it may be set down as a general axiom, that when the females of the house are united in common cause, they are sure to compass their ends; and the aunt and niece at length succeeded in banishing their unwelcome visitant from their domestic circle. It matters not to detail the means by which this desired object was effected; the result was, that the disappointed candidate for the fair hand of Selina vented his wrath on the occasion by suddenly demanding, in a peremptory manner, the payment of divers sums with which at sundry times he had accommodated Mr Stanfield. The old squire was paralysed, and, had Selina consented, would have endeavoured, by the sacrifice of her affections, to purchase the forbearance of his *quondam* friend.

"Surely, my dear papa, you would not so far depart from the dignity of your name and family!" exclaimed the young lady, in reply to the squire's expressed wish for a reconciliation with her antiquated lover.

"Not willingly, my child," replied her father; "but how else can I resist impending ruin? How raise three hundred pounds to liquidate the demand of interest and principal which it seems I owe him?"

"Your submission, my dear father, would not pay the debt; and if it would satisfy the creditor, I think you would never stoop to the degradation of existing from day to day on such paltry terms."

"But if you would marry him, my dear Selina—"

"I would die a thousand deaths first!" exclaimed Selina, shuddering.

"You are very perverse," said her father; "he would make you a very good husband; and, in fact, unless you can persuade yourself to accept him, I know not what we are to do; for you must be aware that I have other debts, and that the estate, burdened with mortgages and other incumbrances, produces an income quite inadequate to our maintenance."

"I know that, papa; and my firm opinion is, that your best plan will be to sell it."

"Sell it! Sell Blackmere Hall and its dependencies, the ancient domain of my family!—the girl is mad to think of such a thing!" retorted the angry squire, and he forbade her to allude again to the subject.

Selina obeyed; but his creditors were less complaisant. The principal mortgagee foreclosed and seized the estate; others put in their claims; the whole property was put up to auction;—and when every thing was sold, a very considerable surplus remained for the maintenance of the last of the name of Stanfield. To the squire this was of little consequence; but the alienation of the patrimony broke his heart; and before the purchaser took possession of the crumbling manor-house, its late possessor slept with his fathers.

Selina was gifted with an innate strength of character which had only wanted scope to display its energies.

On the present occasion she felt like a daughter, but she acted like a heroine—not the heroine of romance, whose sickly sensibilities are vented in tears, swoonings, and hysterics, but like the self-devoted heroine of real life, who represses the bitterness and anguish of her own heart to minister to the relief of those around her. She saw her sole relative and friend, aunt Bridget, sinking like her father beneath the calamity which had deprived them of home and fortune, and she felt herself imperatively called upon for active exertions. She had no counsellor to advise, no comforter to soothe, nor had she any friend to whom she could apply for assistance; but when the last rites had been paid to her father's remains, she resolved to trace for herself a plan of life, which, she trusted, would enable her to meet the exigencies of her situation. Having hired a small house in the village, she commenced the business of tuition; which, though the very antipodes to romance, afforded a maintenance for herself and aunt Bridget, who, partaking of the indolence of disposition and hereditary pride by which the squire had been characterised, would do nothing for herself. Within a few months after this reverse of circumstances, the old lady, like her brother, sank under the burden of calamity. The decease of her kinswoman, though in reality a mitigation of Selina's troubles, the dutiful niece lamented as a trying affliction. While her aunt lived, she had a motive for exertion; and however irksome her task might have been, she had felt a satisfaction in performing it, for the sake of the last surviving link between herself and the world, in which she now stood a solitary being.

An unprotected state, she was aware, was not exactly desirable for a female so young as herself. Mr Bell had taken the opportunity of Mrs Bridget Stanfield's decease to recommence the persecution of his addresses to Selina; and was at length so pertinaciously annoying, that she resolved to abandon her

native village for ever, and seek the sanction of a home in some private family, by accepting the situation of governess.

An occupation of this description was difficult to be obtained by a young female, whose education, like that of our heroine, had been of a desultory nature; but after advertising till both her patience and slender resources were well nigh exhausted, Selina at last formed an engagement with a family in a distant county, where, for a salary which a metropolitan housemaid would consider infinitely beneath her merits, Miss Stanfield undertook to communicate the rudiments of learning to six young ladies and two young gentlemen.

With a heavy heart she bade adieu to the scenes of her childhood, and took her place in the London mail. The route lay through the ancient city of Norwich, which she had never before visited, but which, as the abode of Albert Fisher, possessed for her a secret interest that pride forbade her to avow even to herself. That her breach with Albert was attributable solely to her own vanity, she was forced to confess; but since she had felt that conviction, no opportunity had occurred of acknowledging her error, for Mrs Fisher had left Woodfield before the death of Mr Stanfield. Years had passed away in their swift course, and Selina, who had neither seen nor heard from her offended lover since the day of their quarrel, concluded that his boyish passion had been in the first instance shaken by her pride and petulance, and finally obliterated by time, absence, and change. How the young lady's affections had resisted the force of these united influences, we must not take upon us to decide; but certain it is, that when the passengers stopped at the Angel Hotel to breakfast, Selina, instead of partaking of that meal, directed her steps to the interesting locality where stood a large hosier and draper's shop, over the door of which the name of Fisher was ostentatiously emblazoned in huge golden letters. Entering a haberdasher's opposite, Selina purchased an article for which she had no occasion, as an excuse for taking a correct survey of the premises over the way. She enjoyed the felicity of beholding Albert Orlando himself, in very spruce attire, waiting with courteous smiles on an old market-woman, and apparently exerting much powerful eloquence in the recommendation of a pair of coarse worsted hose, which the dame was examining with critical attention. Had time permitted, Selina might have made other observations—for Albert was wholly unconscious of her vicinity—but the dread of losing her place in the mail compelled her to hasten from the spot.

In due time she arrived at the end of her journey, and in the course of six months exchanged her lot of worse than Egyptian bondage, for a situation scarcely preferable in another family.

There is no cure for romance so effectual as a life of constant mental exertion and daily mortifications;—such as those to which the ill-treated and oppressed class of females called private governesses are subjected. It is probable that the high-spirited Selina Stanfield more than once gave a sigh to the remembrance of her first love, and balanced against the gentler miseries of spinsterhood and preceptress-ship, the substantial comforts she might have enjoyed as the wife of Albert.

Seven years had revolved since, from the haberdasher's shop near Norwich market-place, she had enjoyed the stolen prospect of a certain interesting personage, and no second object (though Selina had, notwithstanding her forlorn situation, been wooed again and again) had succeeded him in her heart; nor had she been fortunate enough to find a permanent home in any of the families to whom she had, on various occasions, engaged her services as governess. Norwich itself was at length the place of her destination. She had made many exertions and some sacrifices to conclude an engagement in that city with a lady, the education of whose infant family she had undertaken to conduct. The first time she had occasion for a pair of new gloves, she made a point of purchasing them at the same shop which she had once before visited for a similar purpose; but in vain did she direct an anxious glance to the opposite windows—a draper's shop occupied the place of "Fisher's old-established warehouse;" nor was that interesting name to be found over any door in the neighbourhood. This circumstance produced a wonderful depression of spirits on the part of the fair Selina: she returned home in silence and doubt—a certain feeling of delicacy and pride, which was natural to her character, operating to prevent her from making any inquiry of the haberdasher respecting the disappearance of the name of Fisher from his vicinity.

A few days after this circumstance, the governess accompanied her pupils to the cathedral on some civic festival, when the mayor and corporation went thither in state to attend divine service. On that morning, Selina had been somewhat roused from her listless state of dejection by the lively delight of her pupils at the anticipated spectacle of witnessing the entrance of the above-mentioned important personages, attired in their scarlet robes and lilac silk scarfs.

"And only think, Miss Stanfield," said one of the children, "the mayor is not a great old ugly mayor, with a wig on his head, like the old frights in St Andrew's Hall, at which you laughed so much when papa took you to see them; but he is a young mayor, with curling hair and rosy cheeks, and with a great gold chain about his neck."

"Yes, and he is so good-natured," said another of

the children; "he always laughs and tells us nice funny stories when he comes to see papa; and he is to drink tea with papa to-morrow, and then he will tell you a story too, perhaps, if we ask him."

Here the prattle of the little folks was interrupted by the entrance of the procession. The organ struck up, the maces, sword-bearer, &c. preceded the right worshipful chief magistrate towards his stall, the aldermen and other members of the corporation following with their accustomed grace and dignity. Selina Stanfield was amused at the novelty of the scene, and interested in watching its effect upon the countenances of the children, when one of the little boys, pulling her by the sleeve, whispered, "Now, dear Miss Stanfield, do look at the mayor, for he is looking so much at you." Selina mechanically obeyed the injunction; and, in spite of the gorgeous adornments of scarlet robes, gold chains, &c., recognised the round blue eyes, and good-tempered handsome face, of her first, her only love—Albert Orlando Fisher.

"Oh dear, Miss Stanfield, I declare the mayor himself has bowed to you," whispered the eldest girl; "but that, I suppose, was because you were with us, for he cannot be acquainted with you."

The joyous glance of the faithful Albert assured Selina that the years of care and sorrow which had passed over her head since last they met, had neither banished her from his recollection, nor divorced her from his love.

"But our fortunes are different at present," sighed she to herself: "we parted in anger; I was in the wrong, and it is now his turn to indulge in proud and scornful feelings."

Proud and scornful feelings never formed any part of Albert's character; his affections were warm and kindly; and though his love partook not of the nature of romance, it was not, on that account, the less enduring and sincere.

Our tale having already exceeded the prescribed limits, we must disappoint the gentle reader of the details of the interesting scene which took place on the following day between the worthy Albert Orlando Fisher and Selina Stanfield. Suffice it to say, that the latter, instead of envying the destiny of either pirate's or bandit's bride, considered herself as one of the happiest among women, when, at the next civic festival, she presided in St Andrew's Hall as mayoress of Norwich.

#### COLUMBA AND IONA.

THERE are few spots of earth, as the austere and prejudiced spirit of Samuel Johnson could not help confessing, around which such a sacred halo of ancient glory hangs, as the island of Iona. From this little speck of the western main, broke forth the first ray of refinement and of pure religion, that dawned on the northern shores of Britain, and the neighbouring isles. It is probable that the deep feeling of interest which Iona excites, is greatly increased by its total want of all notability from external circumstances. It is an island only three miles in length, and from half a mile to a mile in breadth, and lies in the Atlantic, close upon the south-western point of the larger island of Mull. Though so insignificant in size, Iona is well divided by plain and hill, or rather mound, and is somewhat picturesque in appearance. Its original name was *I*, or *Hî* (pronounced *ee*), which the monks latinised into Iona, a word signifying in the Earsa, the Island of Waves. From St Columba, the person who first raised it into a seat of learning and religion, the island received the name which it now commonly bears, I-colum-kill, and which signifies the Isle of Columba of the Cells.

Columba was a native of Ireland, and of the highest rank, being the immediate descendant of one of the petty kings of the country. The year 521 of the Christian era was the period of Columba's birth. Ireland having been before that time converted to a considerable extent to Christianity, he had the advantage of an excellent education, according to the lights of the period, under certain pious and learned ecclesiastics, by whom he was trained to follow a religious life. Being desirous of extending his labours as an apostle of Christianity, he departed from Ireland in the year 563, for the western shores of Scotland, which at that period formed part of the Scoto-Irish kingdom, and the king of which, to wit, Conal, was one of his kindred. From this person he acquired a gift of the small island which was afterwards named Iona, and under the protection of the same prince, he was able to found a monastery or school of religious instruction on the isolated little territory. To have any thing like a correct idea of the task to which Columba devoted himself, we must take a glance at the condition of Scotland at the time of his appearance. At this period, the middle of the sixth century, that is, about twelve hundred years since, the whole of the country which we now call Scotland was inhabited by a number of tribes of a Celtic or original British people, also some tribes of Irish localised under the appellation of Dalriada, and certain tribes or settlers of a Saxon lineage in the southern parts. Each tribe was governed by its own chief or king, and the whole were nearly as barbarous as we find the various races of

American Indians in the present day. There were no towns, no agriculture, no trade or commerce, no education, no written laws, no parish or regular churches, in short, no token of civilised usages of any kind. The religion consisted of a dark and cruel paganism, or the worship of fire, of the sun, and of imaginary deities presiding over the winds, the waters, and the groves. The priests of this savage faith were termed Druids, and the temples they chose for their worship were circles of huge stones, erected in the fields and forests, a few of which stand as memorials of an ancient state of things till the present day. It was the noble desire of Columba to introduce civilised usages and the tenets of Christianity into this dreary scene of moral desolation. Already the sounds of Christian worship had been heard in Scotland. Ninian, a bold missionary and monk from Rome, had planted a religious settlement in Galloway (the modern Whithorn), as early as the year 397, but it is understood that the country at large, particularly all the northern parts, lay in that repose of Paganism which we have described, until roused by the teaching of Columba, and those religious men who placed themselves under his guidance and direction.

Iona became henceforth the head-quarters of this remarkable body of men. Here young and aspiring missionaries were educated, and hence did they depart to propagate a knowledge of the Christian doctrines and morals. The perfect singleness of purpose which animated these propagandists, was extraordinary, and has often been referred to. It was a rule in the ecclesiastical polity of Columba, that the missionaries or religious teachers should be instructed in some kind of handicraft or art, by which they might be able not only to execute work for themselves, but to communicate a certain professional knowledge to others. Hence, we must view the establishment at Iona in the light both of a college of arts and of a school of theology. From this obscure seat of learning, then, do we see a body of individuals—half monks, half craftsmen—issuing and dispersing themselves over the woody regions of ancient Caledonia, and penetrating in their incursions into the farthest recesses of the Highlands and Orkneys. Of the persecutions they endured, or the difficulties they encountered in their wanderings, history is comparatively silent, but it may easily be supposed they were neither few nor trivial. The favourite mode of procedure of the Columbans, seems to have been either to place themselves under the protection of chiefs, or to seek out some quiet and safe retreat, such as a cave on the sea-shore, or a hut on some small islet in a loch, whence they could emerge, and teach the inhabitants of the adjacent district. These residences were called *cills*, or *kills* (from a British word which is also the root of the English term *cell*), and the vast number of these cells is attested by the prevalence of the names of places in the present day, with the prefix *kill*—as Kilmarnock (the cell of Maronoch), Kilbride, Kilbrannan, and so forth. Either from the same root, or from the Gaelic word *cuideach*, signifying "persons who retired to sequestered spots," the Columban clergy acquired the general appellation of *Culdees*, by which they are known in history. The learning of these religious men was often the means of their support, and also their protection in their remote solitudes. They could write, and this was a most important and valuable accomplishment in these and much later times, for it was at least four hundred years after Columba settled in Scotland before any one of the kings could so much as subscribe his name. These clergy, therefore, acted as clerks and transcribers of manuscripts: they wrote wills for the chiefs, and treaties of peace for the kings. In this manner, by their preaching to the people, their teaching some of the useful arts, such as gardening and architecture, to those who applied for their instructions, and their services as clerks and general composers of strife among the chieftains, they in time effected a sensible revolution of morals and manners. But the institutions of Columba were not only beneficial to the Picts and other Scottish tribes, but to the northern English. The monastery of Iona furnished an asylum and instruction to those princes of Northumberland who were forced to seek for shelter from the revolutions of their country. The hospitality thus shown to Oswald, King of Northumbria, was not forgotten when he returned from exile to his throne. He encouraged the settlement of clergy from Iona in his territories, and thus the seat of learning and religion at Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, was planted.

"Columba (says George Chalmers, in his *Caledonia*), during thirty-four years of active benevolence, continued to send out his pastors to inform the ignorant; to superintend the cells which his policy had established; and to compose the hasty disputes of rugged chieftains. The contemporary princes often felt the influence of his councils, and sometimes profited by the interposition of his authority. Conal, the king of Scots in Argyle, to whom, as a relation, Columba owed the reception of a friend, and the gift of *Hî*, died in 571. Aidan, the successor of Conal, thinking that the solemnity of inauguration might contribute to the stability of his power, passed over to the sacred isle, for obtaining his object, and here in 574 was he ordained and inaugurated by the abbot. Brodei [king of the Picts], who owed to Columba his own conversion, and his people's civilisation, died in 586, after a reign of thirty years. Gairtneab, his successor, who was also indebted to *Hî* for the teachers of his subjects, died in 597. With Columba, was also contemporary Ryderech, the king

of Strathclyd, who partook of the abbot's councils, for the benefit of his country. Columba died on the 9th of June 607; leaving his monastery firmly settled, a people converted, by his labours, from Paganism to Christianity, and a name for the celebration of every age."

For several centuries after the decease of Columba, his memory was fondly revered over the whole Christian world, and, according to the custom of the period, his name was included among the list of saints. At the epoch of the union of the Scots and Picts, 843, the cells which had been settled by Columba still continued to be the abundant fountains whence religious instruction flowed to the people. One of the first acts of Kenneth, king of the united Picts and Scots, was to show respect to the memory of the great apostle of his people, by building a church at Dunkeld, which he dedicated to St Columba, and to this church was attached a monastery on the model of that of Iona.

There have been various controversies in modern times, with respect to the precise rules, doctrines, and ecclesiastical polity of Columba and his immediate successors. On these it is not our province to say one word. We must not fritter away the glory of a great man, by descending to a minute inquiry into the mere forms by which he regulated the movements of his society. Whatever he did, it was according to the best lights of his time; and it is enough for us, in this humble miscellany, to point backward from a period of comparative enlightenment, to the learned and intrepid missionary who first reclaimed our country from a state of pure barbarism, and placed it in the way of moral and intellectual improvement. Let, therefore, the name of Columba be for ever held in reverence by the Scots, for to him, as an instrument of good, have they to ascribe much of the present blessings of civilisation.

Many of the cells, or small hermitages originally planted by the Columbans, in the way we have mentioned, in process of time formed the bases of churches, to which certain territorial divisions or parishes were assigned, but in many more instances they went to decay, or became subordinate to large monastic institutions which arose under the fostering care of the Scottish monarchs. In Pagan times, prior to the teaching of Columba, the bodies of the dead were usually burned. Against this practice the Columban clergy openly preached, and by their representations the custom of burying was introduced. The places of sepulture which were chosen, were in all cases adjacent to the cells or churches of the preachers; and hence the origin of our modern churchyards.

The religious establishments, great and small, founded and conducted by the Culdees, were as length, in the progress of events, merged in the Romish ecclesiastical polity which became predominant over the whole British islands. Long before this time, however, the parent society of Iona had lost its ancient supremacy, and had suffered many successive reverses. When the wild pirates of Denmark began their fierce attacks upon the Scottish coasts, Iona felt her share of their ravages. The Danes burnt the monastery in the year 797; a second time in 801; and in 805, the family of *I*, as the society of Iona is expressively called in ancient annals, were cut off, to the number of sixty-eight persons, by these northern barbarians. In 985, the same parties rifled the monastery, and killed the abbot and fifteen of his disciples; and in 1069, it was again destroyed by fire. These repeated misfortunes were fatal to the peace and pre-eminence of Iona. But what is most of all to be lamented, the famous library of Iona was deprived on these occasions of its greatest treasures. From circumstances which have come to light, there is the strongest reason to suppose that the *lost classics*, and many ancient works on divinity and the sciences, were stored up once, in the repositories of Iona.

For many centuries after the decline of its own ascendancy, as well as of the Culdee sect generally, Iona continued to be a monastery of note in the Romish church, though venerated as much for its past glories, as for its existing importance. But what portion of its books and valuables had escaped the Danes, fell into the power of other ravagers. Edward I. of England carried away all the national records and writings of Scotland, and Iona, it may be supposed, did not escape. Yet even in 1525, some invaluable works remained at Iona; but these were doomed to follow the fate of the others. In their mad spirit of devastation, the reformers visited the island, and that so suddenly, that the inhabitants had only time to carry away a few of the books and papers to Cairnburg, a strong castle of the Macleans, where they were lost by fire, during a siege in the time of Cromwell. Of course the monks of Iona could not long survive, as a body at least, the event referred to. They fled to France, and, it has been said, took a portion of the records of the isle to the College of Douay, and other places of refuge. But recent inquiries have failed in discovering any such remains in these establishments.

Iona, since that period, has been, as it now is, a place of ruins and tombs. The chief ruin is the cathedral, which, by the exertions of the Argyle family, the present proprietors of the island, has been tolerably well preserved. It is a large, roofless, but otherwise almost entire, structure, built in the form of a cross, one hundred and fifteen feet long, by twenty-three broad, and the transept seventy feet; the walls are mostly of red granite, and the remains of the altar-stone are of white marble. The architecture



is Norman, and the antiquity, probably, not very great. There is a causeway leading from the cathedral to a more ruinous building, called the Monastery of Nuns; and a chapel called St Oran's, with four other chapels, are still more or less extant and discernible; constituting altogether, with the addition of several minor buildings, a group of ruins of considerable extent. None of the tombs or grave-stones, which are rather numerous, have any thing remarkable about them, being plain time-worn slabs, some of them long upright ones, without legible inscriptions.

Almost all the modern inhabitants of the island, amounting to between four and five hundred, live in a village close to where the ruins stand. The island has some good small farms, the land being well fitted both for arable and pastoral purposes. Fish is plenty around the coast, and contributes greatly to the support of the inhabitants, who export only grain and a few cattle, and import little else than iron, salt, and a few other necessities. There is little of a striking character about the inhabitants of Icolmkill, or their manners. The interest of the island, in short, rests solely on its ruins—on its old recollections. These are a source of deep interest; or, if there be any one to whom they are not, Johnson's words may be well applied to him, "That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona!"

#### PROVERBIAL FALLACIES.

"A PENNY SAVED IS A PENNY GAINED."

THERE is a right and a wrong way of saving, a circumstance which is not usually taken into account by those who study the economising of means. The proverb of "a penny saved is a penny gained," is not strictly correct. It should run thus—"a penny *rightly* saved is a penny gained," because, by saving a penny improperly, we shall lose instead of gaining. This seems so perfectly obvious to the understanding, that it may appear useless for us to say a single word regarding it. We think differently. There are many people who act as if they knew nothing of the matter, and it may be of use to give them a little *rousing* on the subject.

All the proverbs which inculcate the propriety of saving, appear to be founded upon the idea that there is no saving but that which consists of sparing the outlay of money. Now, this is only one small department of the saving principle. We should view that principle on a very extended scale, not as respects the mere saving of current coin. When we feel desirous of saving, we should take a great many things into account. For instance, calculate what return may be made by a small outlay—will what we spend redound to our advantage—can we, by dispensing a small sum, or perhaps by losing a small sum, gain a friend by whose assistance we may realise ten times the loss—could not the time or the pains we take to save a small sum or sums be much better employed; in other words, is it worth our while to heed trifles, and so in the meanwhile lose the chance of making what would be infinitely more advantageous? Such are samples of the questions for consideration by savers. The thing they least estimate, is, whether they could not make more by exercising judiciously the whole energies of their mind in a particular pursuit, than by exercising them on an object of inferior importance. For example, how many well-meaning people go on drudging all their lives, toiling like slaves, all to save so much as a few pence a day, who, if their industry were properly directed, would make pounds instead of pence, with comparatively little trouble. These people, it is obvious, make or save their pence at too dear a cost. During the time that they are busy saving their penny, others, by a little more foresight, have made a shilling; the penny-saver is therefore by no means the best manager of affairs; in one sense, he is a prodigal spendthrift.

In most country towns you will find a number of these penny-wise individuals—persons whom you may perceive on various occasions working most heroically without their coats at some humble kind of labour, and, of course, deeply impressed with the conviction that they are saving a great deal of money by their exertions, and that all men who do not work with their own hands are fools and idlers. You will, in these places, occasionally see a person endeavouring to save a few pence by digging his own field of potatoes, or reaping his own "virtual," who, if he exerted his skill and industry as a tradesman on an expanded principle, would certainly realise infinitely more than what he gains by the more toilsome labour of his own hands in digging or reaping. But he is weighed down with the idea that a penny saved is a penny

gained. The proverb rides upon him like nightmare. His soul cannot soar above the virtue of copper money. In this manner, the principle of economising means, which is commendable when exercised on a rational plan, with a proper foresight of consequences, degenerates into positive error.

In cities and large towns, the class of economists to whom we allude do not generally possess the opportunity of making pence by such pursuits as potato digging and reaping; but to compensate this misfortune, they are blessed with the means of saving, in the form of small household drudgeries. They become great encouragers of home-brewing, blacking-making, and similar practices, by which, it seems, a considerable number of pennies can be saved in the course of a year. Once upon a time we chanced to enjoy, for a few hours, the society of a gentleman who was afflicted with a saving mania of this nature, and one of the chief themes of his discourse was a laudation of home-brewing. "Is it possible," said he, "that you do not brew your own beer? I can assure you, you would find it a great deal cheaper to do so, than to buy your beer from shops. The shop beer is all trash—not worth the drinking—dreadfully dear, too—shocking expense for a house. Have discovered that long ago—we now brew all our own beer, and also bake all our own bread—capital plan—save a great deal by it—recommend you by all means to commence immediately." To these well-meant observations and advices, we replied, "That possibly better beer and bread might be made at home than could be purchased, but—all things considered—its being cheaper for a small family to set about the manufacture of these things, was a proposition we could not assent to. All the beer and bread which was consumed by our household in the course of a week, amounted to only about half-a-crown or three shillings; and to pretend to save money off that inconsiderable sum, was altogether ridiculous."

The doctrine of our beer-brewing friend was quite a specimen of a large class of well-meaning but short-sighted maxims, which enjoy currency both in speech and print. You are told with the utmost gravity, by a set of writers who take upon themselves the business of concocting recipes for the frugal, that every housewife should brew her own beer, bake her own bread, manufacture her own vinegar, compound her own blacking and bottle-wax, mould her own candles, make her own soap (never mind the Excise), and above all things, dye her own ribbants and dress her own crape. According to these worthies, any woman who lays out a penny at a shop on even the most common article of housewifery, is little better than a spendthrift. Her whole mind must be directed to the grand object of saving money, by being her own baker, brewer, and dyer. She must show her value, by toiling and molling the live-long day in the midst of barrels, and vats, and all manner of disagreeable things in cellars, kitchens, and cupboards. Of course, by this kind of work, she is to form a most exemplary mistress of a household. She is to save a great deal of money. Her husband's revenue is to go twice as far as it would, by the dear-buying system; and he—fortunate man—is to be perfectly delighted with having got such an astonishingly clever and such a singularly frugal wife.

It never seems to occur to these wise and benevolent writers, that so exceedingly small a quantity of some articles is required in a house, and that that quantity can be purchased at so exceedingly small a price, that the manufacturing of them at home is beyond all comparison the dearest mode of possessing them, even laying time and trouble out of the question. The following may be taken as a pretty fair specimen of the way in which a housewife is to do great things in manufacturing processes. It is a recipe for carrying on a vinegar brewage, which we copy word for word from a book called Mrs Child's Frugal Housewife:—"It is poor economy to buy vinegar by the gallon. Buy a barrel, or half a barrel, of really strong vinegar, when you begin housekeeping. As you use it, fill the barrel with old cider, sour beer, or wine settlings, &c. left in pitchers, decanters, or tumblers; weak tea is likewise said to be good: nothing is hurtful which has a tolerable portion of spirit, or acidity. Care must be taken not to add these things in too large quantities, or too often: if the vinegar once gets weak, it is difficult to restore it. If possible, it is well to keep such slops as I have mentioned in a different keg, and draw them off once in three or four weeks, in such a quantity as you think the vinegar will bear. If by any carelessness you do weaken it, a few white beans dropped in, or white paper dipped in molasses, is said to be useful. If beer grows sour, it may be used to advantage for pancakes and fritters. If very sour indeed, put a pint of molasses and water to it, and, two or three days after, put a half pint of vinegar; and in ten days it will be first-rate vinegar." Now, what do our readers think of this recipe? It is frugality, with a vengeance! Think of the poor good easy man of a husband who is to be poisoned with such trash. Think of him being nauseated with all kinds of leavings gathered together in a slop pail. Think of the expression—"Nothing is hurtful to the barrel!" This is really the best joke we have heard for a long

while. What a simple, well-meaning soul thou art, Mrs Child! All to save something like ten-pence a-year, in buying a quart of Burnet's first-rate vinegar, we are to establish a barrel in our premises as a never-failing object of nursing and solicitude.

Here goes another of this frugal lady's recipes, being no less than an advice to a housewife to commence the business of a calico dyer:—"An ox's gall will set any colour, silk, cotton, or woollen. I have seen the colours of calico, which faded at one washing, fixed by it. Where one lives near a slaughter-house, it is worth while to buy cheap fading goods, and set them in this way. The gall can be bought for a trifle." What say housewives to this admirable project? Here is a way of converting old gowns into new ones, a plan for saving a great deal of money! Only live near a slaughter-house, and your fortune is made.

Some persons like fresh eggs. Now, this is a very wrong taste. If they be wise, and wish to save, they should follow Mrs Child's advice, and always "lay in their eggs early in spring and the middle and last of September," for "eggs will keep almost any length of time in lime water properly prepared—one pint of coarse salt, and one pint of unslacked lime, to a pailful of water. If there be too much lime, it will eat the shells from the eggs. It is bad economy to buy eggs by the dozen as you want them." After this, let us hear no more of the superior excellence of fresh eggs. Nothing like good old stale eggs—eggs which have been steeped for half a year in a pickle of lime water, care however being taken that the shells are not rotted off, which, we should think, would have the effect of leaving the yolks in rather an awkward condition. We marvel that such a frugal person as our authoress did not propose a still more efficacious way of saving money, to wit, not to buy eggs at all. People can live well enough without eggs.

Enough has now been said to show that there is a right and a wrong way of saving—the one referring to an economising of means, and making the most of all the advantages of our situation; the other having no other object than the saving of a small portion of current coin from our casual revenue. The right way resembles the case of the good steward mentioned in Scripture, who put out his talent to interest on the most favourable terms which he could command; the wrong way is like that of the narrow-minded and timid steward, who hid his talent in the ground, and thereby incurred the reproaches of his master.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

COUNT RUMFORD.

THE several biographical sketches, hitherto published, of Benjamin Thompson, better known by his German title of Count Rumford, have all, for various reasons, been imperfect. The present memoir, brief as it comparatively is, will be found to be the only one which presents, in a complete and accurate form, the whole details of his eventful and useful life.

Benjamin Thompson was the son of a respectable farmer, of English origin, at Woburn, Massachusetts, where he was born on the 26th of March 1753. When he was about eight months old, his father died, and the necessity for active exertion, to which he was thus subjected, is regarded by himself as having been the main cause of all his future distinction. His childhood, however, was not without guardians to watch over it. His mother married a second time, and from his father-in-law young Thompson appears to have received every necessary attention. At the proper age he was sent to the grammar-school of Woburn, and acquired, under the excellent teacher Mr Fowle a considerable knowledge of reading, writing, arithmetic, and the Latin tongue. Subsequently, he was sent, for further improvement, to the neighbouring schools of Byfield and Medford, where he was taught mathematics and some of the higher branches of knowledge. It was at Medford that he first gave indications of remarkable talent. When only twelve years of age, he surprised his mathematical instructor by bringing to him one day the calculations of an eclipse, which he had made without assistance, and which proved to be singularly accurate.

At the age of thirteen, the youth engaged himself to an apothecary at Salem, but that person's business was destroyed by the commencing troubles between Great Britain and the colonies, and young Thompson was thus thrown out of employment. He seems next to have tried a school, and afterwards to have engaged himself as a clerk at Boston. His habits at this time may be gathered from the words of his Boston employer, "that Benjamin was oftener under the counter, with knives and saws, constructing machines or reading books of science, than behind it, serving customers with cloths." From this uncongenial occupation he removed, in 1770, to Concord, New Hampshire, then called Rumford, in which place he was invited to instruct a school. Before going to Concord, however, he spent some months in attending a course of philo-

sophical lectures at Harvard University, Cambridge the only university instructions he ever received. Soon after taking up his residence in Concord, his fine person, and dignified and gentle manners, not to speak of his merits otherwise, won for him the hand of a wealthy lady, Mrs Sarah Rolfe, widow of Colonel Rolfe. At the time of this marriage, Thompson was only nineteen, and the lady a few years older. This event elevated him into considerable local importance; but this was a circumstance not very desirable at the time, when the country was on the eve of becoming the seat of war, and obscurity only could ensure quietude. When the contest did break out, it involved Thompson in such difficulties as led to his permanent expatriation. Baron Cuvier and others say that the subject of our memoir adopted from the first the side of the royalists. This, whether to his credit or otherwise, is a mistake. He was, at first, a decided friend to American independence; but a strong impression to the contrary spread among his countrymen, founded chiefly on the circumstance of his wife's relations being avowed royalists. So much did Thompson suffer, between 1772 and 1776, while the war was only in contemplation, from this impression, that he demanded from his countrymen an inquiry into his conduct and opinions. A committee of investigation sat on the point at Woburn, and gave a decision that all the charges against him were based upon vague rumour; but they would neither give him a public acquittal, nor permit him to publish the proceedings. Thompson was justly exasperated at this illiberal treatment, and, finding himself to be still the butt of obloquy, and his very life to be insecure, he came to the desperate resolution of quitting for ever his native country, and deserting her cause.

This resolution, which is to be lamented rather than blamed, was soon made known to the royalists, and, by way of rewarding his conduct, they selected him as the bearer of dispatches to Britain, announcing the evacuation of Boston by the English troops. Thompson, with some difficulty, got on board the Scarborough ship of war, leaving behind him his wife, whom he never saw again, and whose only child by him was born a few days after his departure. He reached England towards the close of 1776, and on delivering his missives, was fortunate enough to make a very favourable impression on the mind of Lord George Germaine, then Secretary of State for the American department. Lord George showed the young American very great attentions, and, after receiving various proofs of his talents and fidelity, raised him, in 1780, to the post of assistant or under Secretary in the American department. The few years which Thompson spent in London, previously to this appointment, were occupied chiefly with scientific experiments, generally of that practical character for which all his after labours were remarkable. In 1778, he made various experiments on the force of gunpowder, which procured him admittance into the Royal Society. He also made at this time some curious inquiries into the cohesion of bodies. These investigations plainly showed to what subjects his active mind naturally directed itself, when circumstances allowed him the requisite leisure from the more pressing affairs of ordinary life.

The situation under Lord George Germaine was a promising place for a young man of abilities and energy, but Thompson soon found that the unfavourable character of the colonial contest threw a degree of odium on the office to which he was attached, and all connected with it. He therefore preferred to engage in active service, in the cause which he had espoused. He resigned his place, and in 1781 sailed for New York, where he raised a regiment of dragoons, of which he was appointed colonel, and remained with the British army till the close of the war. In his military capacity he acquired considerable distinction, and became ardently attached to the profession; so much so, that, after returning from America with the rest of the British forces, he resolved to offer his services to the emperor of Austria, whose contest with the Turks offered the only chance of military distinction at the time in Europe. He was actually at Strasburg, on his way to Vienna, with this view, when fortune threw in his way advantageous prospects, of a more pacific kind. It chanced that Prince Maximilian, nephew of the Elector of Bavaria, while reviewing a regiment at Strasburg, observed on the parade our hero, who was dressed in his uniform as an English colonel, and entered into conversation with him. So captivating was the address and converse of the American, that, on learning his intention to pass through Munich, the Bavarian capital, the prince gave him strong recommendations to Charles Theodore, the reigning Elector. The Elector was not less charmed with the stranger than his nephew had been, and, after a short time, held out flattering inducements to him to enter the Bavarian service, partly in a military and partly in a civil capacity. Finding the Elector to be a man of taste and ability, Colonel Thompson at once accepted of the offer, promising, of course, as a condition, that the British sovereign's consent should be obtained to the arrangement.

In order to apply for this, our American hastened over to Britain, where his wish was not only granted, but the honour of knighthood also conferred upon him by George III. As Sir Benjamin Thompson, therefore, he returned, in 1784, to Munich, where, in the course of the long residence that followed, many other

honours of a similar nature were bestowed on him. He held successively, and in part conjointly, the offices of Lieutenant-General, Privy Councillor of State, and Chamberlain; was made at one time Commander-in-Chief of the army; was decorated with several orders, domestic and foreign; and was created Count Rumford, after the name of a place, already mentioned, in America. The services which merited these honorary rewards from the Bavarian court, were of a widely extended nature, and had reference, partly to the military and partly to the civil affairs of the electorate. Of his military services, it may be simply said, that, besides his active employment in several campaigns, he was instrumental in introducing a new and incomparably better system of order, discipline, and economy, among the troops, than prevailed before.

The greatest of the civil services rendered by Count Rumford to Bavaria, consisted, certainly, in his extinction of mendicity throughout the country. This evil had grown to an almost incredible extent, and set at naught all common means of suppression. Mendicity had not only become a regular trade, but its professors formed a distinct class, or caste, among the inhabitants, and in general a very numerous one. Each beggar had his particular beat, within which it was not lawful to disturb him; and these beats were inherited like ordinary property, or sold, or farmed out by the possessors. Thieving, and every other vice, prevailed in an almost equal ratio. The measures which Count Rumford took to put a stop to these practices, so full of misery to the mendicants themselves, and so harassing to the community at large, reflect lasting honour on his name. His first object was to prepare for the happiness of the mendicants in a new mode of life, before he took them from the old. Having convinced the authorities and respectable classes of Munich that the maintenance of these beings in a regular way would cost less than the existing system did, he was enabled to prepare a large building for their reception, and to store it with materials for hemp and flax spinning, with the implements of other mechanical arts, and with food of a plain, healthy kind. Then on a certain day, all the beggars in Munich were led before the magistrates, who told them that begging would be no longer permitted, but that they would find, at the new workhouse, warm rooms, good diet, and work for all who were in a condition to labour. The vast change which was in a short time effected not only on the condition of these people, but on their very wishes and habits, amply repaid Count Rumford for his trouble. "By rendering them happy (says he) they were taught to be virtuous." They became industrious workers, being employed chiefly on the army clothing, and all surplus expenses were paid by voluntary subscription. Most of the beggars, after a time, left the house, and became good citizens. What a pleasing reward must it have been to Count Rumford, when, on one occasion, being confined to a sick-bed, he asked what caused the noise under his window, and was answered, that it was a procession of the poor going to pray for their benefactor! The observations which he made in the course of his arrangements of the mendicant establishment, and also during his inquiries into the economy of the military life, led to the noted discoveries or inventions which have rendered his name illustrious in the annals of science. The subject to which he was most naturally led, first of all, in this manner, was that of food; and though he can scarcely be said to have made any invention with respect to it, yet it is certain that he laid down many maxims of great value, relative to the cheapest and best way of feeding large bodies of men. The most important, perhaps, of these maxims, was, that water is not a mere diluent in the preparation of food, but is itself highly nutritive. Hence, soups were his great dependence in the economisation of diet, and one of his receipts for what is called the Rumford soup, is well known in charity kitchens. Economy of fuel was another point to which he attended with as much practical advantage, as to economy of food. The principles which he laid down on this subject have long been acted upon, more or less, over Europe. He showed that by building close fireplaces, the heat of fuel might be so economised as to make one-eighth part of the quantity of wood or coals generally used serve any given purpose. In one of his Munich establishments, a dinner for three thousand persons was cooked with ninepence worth of fuel—less, perhaps, than served a common family of a few persons for one day. The construction of these fireplaces could not be properly explained without plates; reference, therefore, must be made to his own essays by those who would inquire further into the subject.

Of another of his practical discoveries, connected with the same subject, Baron Cuvier thus speaks:—"But it was in the employment of steam for heating, that Count Rumford, so to speak, surpassed himself. It is known that water, kept in a vessel which it is unable to burst, acquires an enormous heat. Its vapour, at the moment when it is let loose, carries this

heat wherever it is directed. Baths and apartments are thus heated with wonderful quickness. Applied to soapworks, and especially to distilleries, this method has already enriched several manufacturers of our southern districts [of France]; and in the countries where new discoveries are more slowly adopted, it has afforded immense advantages. The brew-houses and distilleries of England are heated in this way. In them a single copper cauldron boils ten large wooden vats." The same principles have been applied, with great success, to the heating of liquors in tan-pits. So far did Count Rumford carry his economising, that he put to use the very heat of smoke before he let it escape; which caused a friend to say to him, that he would soon find a plan of cooking his dinner with the smoke from his neighbour's chimney.

But perhaps the most useful of all his practical suggestions, at least the one which has spread his name farthest over the civilised world, is that relating to the prevention and cure of smoke in chimneys. He found the cause of this evil to be a very simple one, and his remedy was equally so; but still, like Columbus with the egg, no one had discovered the way before him. All the old houses had chimneys with large open throats, and smoke was an universal nuisance. Count Rumford showed, upon philosophical principles, that the size of the throat caused the mischief, and that the diminution of that throat cured it. Where the stonework could not be changed properly, he proposed the use of a certain species of grate, or stove with upright cheeks, of which all the world has heard under the name of the Rumford grate. Blacksmiths, indeed, speak to this day, and will probably do so for many centuries to come, of Rumfording a fireplace. All his observations on the subject of chimneys are most valuable, and have been turned, in a thousand ways, to practical advantage. He was also the inventor of a particular lamp, well known by his name.

Hitherto we have only considered Count Rumford in the light of a practical man of science. His character as a theoretical philosopher does not stand so high. Though no one evinced more sagacity in applying to practical purposes what experimental truths he discovered, yet his more abstruse speculations and conclusions have been generally regarded as unhappy, and indeed incorrect. Unfortunately, too, those of his more recondite speculations on heat, deserving of most praise, were found so closely to resemble certain previous discoveries of Mr Leslie, as to throw suspicion on the count's pretensions to originality. On these points, however, it is not our purpose to dwell; though we cannot help remarking, that it would have been well, if many of those who sneered at Count Rumford's claims to the character of a philosophic theorist, had won for themselves half the title he had to be enrolled as a true benefactor of his kind.

To return to Count Rumford's life. In 1798, he received an honour for which he had long ardently wished—the appointment of Bavarian ambassador at the court of England. But he was doomed to a sad disappointment on proceeding to that country. The usages of Britain do not admit that a born subject of the empire should represent a foreign power at the court of St James's, and the custom was not infringed in the case of Count Rumford. In the following year, the count met with a more severe misfortune in the death of the Bavarian sovereign, his friend and patron. Count Rumford was still in London when this event happened. He had been received there with much distinction; and ere he left the British capital, he gave many proofs of his devotion to the cause of science. He was the principal instrument in establishing the Royal Institution, and it was he who selected Humphry Davy to fill the chemical chair. He also founded two prizes, to be annually assigned by the Royal Society of London and the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, to the authors of the most important experiments on heat and light, in whatever part of the world they were made public.

In 1802, Count Rumford left England, and went to Paris. Next summer he visited Munich; but he did not long remain there, notwithstanding that the new prince was his former friend Maximilian, nephew of the late sovereign. After re-organising the Bavarian Academy—his last gift to the country of his adoption—the count returned to France, having resolved to make that country his future residence, which a pension of L.1200 from the Bavarian court enabled him to do. It ought to be mentioned, to the credit of the United States, that on Count Rumford being thrown out of employment, as it were, by the death of his royal patron, they offered him an important place in his native country, which, however, he did not think proper to accept. At a country-house at Auteuil, about four miles from Paris, he took up his abode. Here he almost secluded himself from society, spending his whole time in cultivating his grounds and in solitary scientific pursuits. A matrimonial alliance, which he had entered into, shortly after leaving London, with the widow of the chemist Lavoisier, proved unhappy, and terminated in a separation. Count Rumford's temper, indeed, originally, perhaps, somewhat peremptory and unyielding, seems to have been latterly soured by circumstances, and he was very far from being on a good footing with the learned in France, or with the people in general. During his stay there, he composed several essays, marked by his usual ingenuity, but which it is unnecessary to specify. A sudden and violent fever carried him off at Auteuil, on the 21st of August 1814.

\* The workhouse of Munich, it is painful to add, survived only for one year the departure of the count, in 1796, from Bavaria. This circumstance shows as strongly as possible, the extent to which the good done was attributable to his personal exertions. The probability is, that the institution was a step in advance of the age—that the Bavarians were not enlightened enough at that period to appreciate fully the advantages of Count Rumford's labours, or to foresee their permanent utility. A new king, besides, succeeded the throne in 1799, and the decay of the workhouse might be in part owing to the political changes consequent upon that event.



Count Rumford left, by his first wife, one daughter, who lived long with him in Europe, having joined him there about twenty years after he had departed from the States. She is still living, and bears the title of Countess of Rumford, which a continuation of her father's pension enables her to support.

## WILD SPORTS OF THE EAST.

### TIGER HUNTING.

THE hunting of the tiger is fully as dangerous and exciting a sport as that of the wild buffalo, and is usually conducted in India on a magnificent scale—dogs, horses, elephants, with the huntsmen in howdahs on their backs, and attendants of various kinds to beat the bushes, all composing a large and powerful cavalcade. In these grand hunting matches, the elephants often do important service, for, loaded as they are with armed men, they will rush into the jungle upon the wounded tiger, and transfix him to the earth with their tusks. Occasionally, to relieve the tedium of existence at the British out-stations, this ferocious animal is hunted by one or two gentlemen armed with rifles, and either mounted or dismounted, as suits their fancy or the nature of the country.

A short time ago, a young officer arriving at one of these stations in the upper country, was eager in his inquiries, whether there were any tigers to be met with in the neighbourhood, and he was informed that certainly tigers existed in no inconsiderable numbers, but that, from the nature of the country, it was impossible to get at them. This intimation was of course unheeded by an ardent and enterprising spirit, pleased with the idea of overcoming difficulties. The country was exceedingly hilly; yet, determined upon ascertaining whether it would be practicable to employ elephants, they were mustered for the campaign. However, after getting over several very dangerous passes, it became necessary to relinquish the attempt. It became now certain, that, unless a tiger could be decoyed into the plains, there could be no chance for the sportsmen with elephants. This, however, proved a forlorn hope. The tigers, as if perfectly aware of the security of their position, never quitted the hills during the day, stealing down to the water below only amid the silence and darkness of the night. It became, therefore, a matter of certainty that the attack, if made at all, must be made long after daylight had departed. A morning's tour round a neighbouring lake added to this conviction, for the inspector observed some fresh tracks of tigers, and on inquiring among the villagers, was told that he might meet with tigers any night that he chose to look for them round Kalingur, the name of the lake in question. From that moment he resolved on trying the effect of nocturnal excursions, but the method of proceeding puzzled him not a little. Upon such occasions, a platform is usually constructed in a tree; but here were no trees, no bushes, nor even a blade of grass, to afford shelter and concealment, the ground round about being perfectly bare and arid. What was therefore to be done?—the sportsman must either plant himself upon this exposed plain, or get no tiger. The idea of encountering a tiger on foot, with the odds so much in favour of the quadruped, at the dreary hour of night, was rather appalling, and our enterprising friend hesitated; but he could not resolve to abandon the project, the same spirit which animated the chivalry of the olden time urging him to the conflict. He was a first-rate shot, and, should his nerves not fail him, he felt certain that the ball would tell; but as they had never been so severely tried before, there was no saying whether they would abide the test.

The attempt was, however, to be made; and the resolution once taken, it never swerved. The lake, already named, lay at the distance of six miles from the sportsman's bungalow. The road to it being through a heavy jungle, it was necessary, in order to reach it in proper time, a little after sunset, to make an early departure. A young Mussulman servant, a mere lad, who was fortunately not very easily daunted, carried the ammunition, and shared in the vigil. The first excursion was made in the month of April, after a parching day of hot winds. The sportsman chose his position with all the advantages that circumstances would admit; he fronted the hills, with his back towards the lake, which prevented any attack in the rear, and would afford a place of retreat in case of necessity, a rush into the water being the dernier resort. On the first night the vigil was uninterrupted, at least by a tiger; other animals came down to drink, but they were suffered to pass unmolested. The situation had been rather a nervous one, and the return of the morning was hailed with proportionate delight. A few evenings subsequently, the sportsman was again at his post; he had now become familiar with the scene and the danger, and experienced the composure which results from feeling, as it were, at home: the strangeness at least had worn off. The hour for the moon's rising was ten, and, not expecting to be called into action before it made its appearance, the sentinel had scarcely braced his energies to the task, when, a little after dusk, he plainly perceived some large animal approaching the water. Upon reaching it, it stopped, apparently to drink. What a moment! how inadequate are words to express the sensations crowding upon the adventurer's heart, and how impossible to imagine them by those who have never been placed in a situation of similar peril. A deadly silence prevailed, not even a whisper passing between the officer

and his almost breathless attendant. Grasping the faithful rifle firmly, he placed the finger on the trigger, ready to deliver the deadly charge. Who shall say what passed in the breast of the person thus fearfully placed? What worlds he might not have given for a change of situation!—yet was the excitement even at that moment mingled with a strange kind of delight! Many seconds were not allowed for reflection, for it soon became necessary to act: there was a possibility that the animal taken for a tiger might only be one of the elk species. But the worst must be prepared for, and that speedily. After the animal had refreshed himself at the lake, he appeared to be moving in the direction of the sportsman; but as the evening had considerably advanced, he could not at first distinguish clearly: a very brief interval, however, sufficed to assure him of the truth of the conjecture. Twice the gun was brought up to the position of firing, and twice, in the excited state of the imagination, the marksman fancied he heard a voice whisper, "Not yet—not yet." He obeyed the warning, if such it were. In another moment the animal appeared to have changed his direction. It had approached within a dozen yards, and for the last time the gun was raised, aimed steadily at the centre of the moving mass, and, without the slightest hesitation, fired. For the first time since the appearance of the game, silence was now broken by the attendant, who exclaimed, "A large tiger, sir!" Inquiring how he could be certain of the description of the animal, he observed, that, from the flash in the pan, the gun having a flint, he had plainly seen the tiger, and so to his master's great delight it proved; for upon the rising of the moon, the tawny monarch was seen pinned down upon the very spot which he had occupied at the discharge of the fatal shot. This exploit was duly appreciated by the neighbouring villagers; and the fallen foe, securely padded on an elephant, made the round of the European dwellings on the following morning, in a sort of triumph or ovation. With confidence, strengthened by good fortune, other attempts were made upon the same spot, and with equal success.

In the vicinity of a neighbouring village, called Manpoora, which was situated in a small valley surrounded with hills and thick jungle, dwelt in solitary grandeur a monster of a tiger, who had become as well known as the village itself, and who had for several years past been permitted to remain undisturbed, in consequence of his having baffled every effort made by parties who had at different times gone out against him. Thus left to himself, he had continued his depredations with impunity, and had become the terror of the inhabitants for many miles round. To bag this fellow, as it is termed in sporting phrase, was now the ruling desire of our hero's heart, not only on account of the report which described him as being an enormous beast, but more especially from the circumstance of his having hitherto bade defiance to those sportsmen who had sought him in the field; vanity being mingled with that noble emulation necessary to the performance of great deeds. Near to the village above described, runs a beautiful little hill-stream, shallow, but clear as crystal, and a place very likely to be chosen for the nightly promenades of the monarch of the waste. The villagers agreeing in this opinion, the young adventurer lost no time in looking out for a convenient position. The people of Manpoora, interested in the issue of the enterprise, and satisfied after the death of the Kalingur tiger that the person who performed that notable exploit was equal to a second of the same nature, often gave notice of the movements of the animal; but some time elapsed before the tiger's plan of operations could be fully made out. Three or four nights were passed on the banks of the Manpoora water without success; for, though it was ascertained that the tiger had been either prowling above or below the scene of the vigil, he did not show himself, and, tired out with these fruitless attempts, the sportsman reluctantly relinquished his visits. One afternoon, however, three villagers, in breathless haste, appeared at the European station; they had run fast and far, and could scarcely, after holding up their hands, and beckoning the sportsman, who happened to be riding in a contrary direction, to stop, relate the cause of their hurry and anxiety. At last they exclaimed, "The Manpoora tiger has come!" which was all that could at first be made out. Afterwards they explained that a cow had been killed, and that a watch kept on this night would be pretty certainly successful. No time was lost in preparing for the expedition, and evening found our friend again at the valley of Manpoora. The peasants immediately accompanied their visitor to the scene of the sacrifice; there lay the cow; and two men who had watched the whole proceeding from the neighbouring trees, reported that the tiger, after a copious draught of pure blood, had retreated to the hills, doubtless to return in the evening to make a more solid meal. An examination of the carcass proved the truth of this information; the cow had been freshly killed, and was as yet uninjured, save by the wounds which had caused its death. The disappearance of the tiger was not at all disheartening, it being the custom of the animal to leave its prey for a while, knowing it to be perfectly safe. It is seldom that the inferior denizens of the wild venture to attack a carcass brought down by a tiger, until he has gorged his fill. The jackalls and vultures draw silently around, waiting their turn, after the sovereign has completed his repast; and should they neglect this mark of respect, they are made

to pay dearly for the omission, sportsmen, on coming on the remains of a slaughtered animal, having sometimes seen vultures lying dead upon it, killed by a stroke from the tiger's claw. The spot on which the cow was lying was exceedingly jungle, and ill calculated for the adventurer's purpose; but after the different attempts that had been made, and the watching and anxiety already undergone, though a most unsatisfactory place for a night abode, the young man determined to take up his quarters on it. The carcass of the cow was moved by his directions to a more promising spot, and close to one of the extremities a slight ambuscade of thorns was thrown up to conceal the adversary from view. The Mussulman lad before mentioned, remained staunch by the side of his master; and one of the villagers asked and obtained permission to join the party. Towards dusk, the position was taken up, the officer placing himself in front close up to the tail of the cow, and the two natives back to back in the rear, by which plan a look-out on all sides was effected. The night set in with the most profound darkness imaginable, conveying a sense of horror to the mind which it is impossible to describe, and producing an impression which was strongly calculated to render the rashness of the undertaking the prevailing feeling. Hour after hour passed away, in the most painful kind of suspense. Midnight arrived, and not long afterwards, a distant rustling among the bushes was distinctly heard; by degrees the sound became plainer and plainer; there was now no mistaking the approach of the enemy, and a few minutes would decide the business. The sounds ceased; and while wondering whether the tiger had, upon second thoughts, retreated, our friend, upon looking up, distinctly saw the royal beast standing close to the head of the cow, the body of the animal only intervening between them. It was a moment of utter dismay. The tiger had commenced his repast, and, with the desperate determination produced by the fearfulness of the occasion, the gun was brought up, and fired. The tiger did not drop. A never-to-be-forgotten roar, and a charge of indomitable fierceness, followed. The tiger fortunately rushed past, blundering onwards in aimless fury. Sufficient presence of mind to fire again under such circumstances, was not in human nature; and the villager, still less accustomed to so dreadful a predicament, grasped the arm of the sportsman in the terror of the moment, and thus added to his embarrassment. After the tiger had rushed forward for a short distance, the welcome sound of his fall was heard, succeeded by heavy groans. These indications gave very satisfactory assurances of his impending fate, but still it was necessary to be cautious. After allowing a sufficient time for the tiger either to make off, or to expire in peace, the attendants were directed to rouse the village, and in the interim the rifle was again reloaded in case of the worst. The villagers were soon assembled with their lighted torches, but for some time their search proved ineffectual. In fact, the chief actor in the scene began to imagine that he had missed his aim, or that the whole had been nothing more than an apparition conjured up by the excited state of his mind. Believing that the tiger had not been wounded at all, and had made good his retreat, the villagers, who had been somewhat fearful of searching too minutely before, growing bolder, looked more narrowly around them. A shout of joy was soon after heard. The tiger was discovered, dead. A hearty huzza followed, in which the natives, though unaccustomed to the European mode of cheering, joined with all their lungs. The tiger proved to be the identical monster so long sought. The ball had gone clean through the centre of the stomach, and it was a subject of surprise that he had been able to reach the place in which he was found. The manner in which this and the Kalingur tiger met their death, and the arm that laid them low, are well known in Bengal.

### UMBRELLA HONESTY IN ENGLAND.

This latter article (an umbrella) in England deserves attention, since umbrellas, which are unfortunately so indispensable, are stolen in the most shameless manner, be it where it may, if you do not take particular care of them. This fact is so notorious, that I must translate for your amusement a passage from a newspaper relating to some society for the encouragement of virtue, which was to award a prize for the most honourable action. "The choice," continues the author, "was become extremely difficult; and it was nearly determined to give the prize to an individual who had paid his tailor's bill punctually for several years, when another was pointed out, who had twice sent home an umbrella left at his house. At this unheard of act," adds the journalist, "the company first fell into mute wonder that so much virtue was still found in Israel; but at length, loud and enthusiastic applause left the choice no longer doubtful."—*Tour of a German Prince.*

### TAKING WINE AT DINNER.

It is not usual to take wine without drinking to another person. When you raise your glass, you look fixedly at the one with whom you are drinking, bow your head, and then drink with great gravity. Certainly many of the customs of the South Sea Islanders, which strike us the most, are less ludicrous. It is esteemed a civility to challenge any body in this way to drink; and a messenger is often sent from one end of the table to the other to announce to B that A wishes to take wine with him; whereupon each, sometimes with considerable trouble, catches the other's eye, and goes through the ceremony of the prescribed nod with great formality, looking at the moment very like a Chinese mandarin.—*The same.*

### STATISTICS OF DRINKING IN SCOTLAND.

The following paragraph has been making the round of the newspaper press:—

"We find in the Statistical Journal for the present month an excellent article under the head of 'Excise'; it is taken from the parliamentary documents, which, of course, afford the best materials that can be had on such subjects. After giving an exact account of the number of gallons of proof spirits, distinguishing each sort, on which the duty was paid for home consumption in each of the three countries, with the rate of duty per gallon, amount of duty, and the total of gallons, as of duty so returned in the United Kingdom for the year ending the 31st of January 1857, as returned from the Excise-Office in London in May last, upon this return the editor very justly remarks, that it is very probable 'many persons, upon examining the foregoing tables, will be struck with the small quantity comparatively of spirits consumed in England. We know not,' he continues, 'whether the rum used in the navy and merchant vessels is supplied from the stock in hand, or from that on which duty has been paid; but if the latter, a considerable portion of the quantity set down to England must be deducted; but taking the figures as they stand, England consumes much less spirits, in proportion to its population, than either Scotland or Ireland. To make the subject more clear, let us look at the amount of population, and the quantity consumed in each country—namely,

	England.	Ireland.	Scotland.
Population . .	13,897,187	7,767,401	2,365,114
Gallons of spirits	12,341,238	12,293,464	6,767,715

Thus it appears that the quantity of spirits consumed in England is seven pints and one-ninth per head on the population, in Scotland twenty-three pints per head, and in Ireland rather more than thirteen pints per head per annum. Those who are accustomed to refer to the passion for ardent spirits as the fullest source of disorder and crime, will no doubt be startled to find that in Scotland, where the people are, at least, as industrious and moral as any other part of this empire, the consumption of spirits is carried to a point that is absolutely astonishing. It seems impossible to deny that intemperance is the primary cause of many crimes: every man's experience satisfies him of the fact. To what then are we to attribute the comparative absence of disorder and crime in Scotland? May it not be that the evil tendencies of drinking habits is in a great degree controlled and counteracted by the religious feeling which exists so strongly in that country? This is a very kind way of looking at the question. But it is certainly difficult to conceive how a strong sense of religion can exist under the influence of 'inordinate cups.' One might from this circumstance almost be led to suppose that the English, and even Irish population, were better fitted for the performance of religious duties than those who drink three times as much ardent spirits as the first, and nearly twice as much as the second named people."

The writer of this paragraph has not been acquainted with the drinking usages of Scotland, and we beg to enlighten him a little on the subject. The great consumption of British spirits in Scotland is accounted for by the universal practice of toddy-drinking among the middle classes in the country towns. Toddy is a composition of whisky, hot water, and sugar, and is drunk to an immense extent in the evenings, and particularly, as we say, in the country towns, where the people have little or no amusement or relaxation of an innocent cheering nature. To this cause, we may add the almost total exclusion of foreign spirits and wines from the tables of the lower and even many of the middle classes, in consequence of the high duty, and the superior quality of the native whisky. When we also recollect that beer, or home-brewed ale, is not used as a beverage in Scotland, the preponderant consumption of British spirits is no way remarkable. Whisky, whisky, whisky—al drink whisky; they may not drink it "to be the worse of it," as they often remark, or to injure their character, but they all drink it; and when we see a whole nation with their mouth at the same spigot, we must not feel surprised that they beat their neighbours in the consumption of a particular kind of tipple.

### ANECDOTE OF JEROME BONAPARTE.

PREVIOUSLY to his elevation to the sovereignty, Jerome Bonaparte led a life of dissipation at Paris, and was much in the habit of frequenting the theatres, and other public places of amusement. He had formed an intimacy with some young authors at that time in vogue, for their wit and reckless gaiety. On the evening after his nomination to the crown of Westphalia, he met two of his jovial companions just as he was leaving the theatre. "My dear fellows," said he, "I am delighted to see you! I suppose that you know I have been created King of Westphalia?" "Yes, sire, and permit us to be among the first to—" "Eh! what! you are ceremonious, methinks: that might pass were I surrounded by my court; but at present, away with form, and let us be off to supper." Jerome upon this took his friends to one of the best restaurants in the Palais Royal. The trio chatted and laughed, and said and did a thousand of those foolish things which, when unpremeditated, are so delightful. Conversation, it may be supposed, was not kept up without drinking. When the wine began to take effect, "My good friends," said Jerome, "why should we quit each other? If you approve of my proposal, you shall accompany me. You, C., shall be my secretary; as for you, P., who are fond of books, I appoint you my librarian." The arrangement was accepted, and instantly ratified over a fresh bottle of Champagne. At last the party began to think of retiring, and called for the bill. Jerome produced his purse; but the King of Westphalia, whose royal treasury had not as yet been established on a regular footing, could find only two louis, which formed but a small portion of two hundred francs, the amount of the restaurateur's demand. The new dignitaries, by clubbing their worldly wealth, could master about three francs. What was to be done? At one o'clock in the morning where could resources be found? It was at last deemed expedient to send for the master of the house, and to acquaint him how matters stood. He seemed to take

the frolic in good part, and merely requested to know the names of the gentlemen who had done him the honour to sup at his house. "I am secretary to the King of Westphalia," and "I librarian to his majesty." "Excellent!" cried the restaurateur, who now set his customers down as sharps; "and that scoodle yonder is, no doubt, the King of Westphalia himself?" "Precisely," said Jerome; "I am the King of Westphalia." "Gentlemen, you are pleased to be facetious, but we shall see presently how the commissary of police will relish the joke." "For heaven's sake!" exclaimed Jerome, who began to dislike the aspect of the affair, "make no noise; since you doubt us, I leave you my watch, which is worth ten times the amount of your bill," at the same time giving the host a magnificent watch, which had been a present from Napoleon, and on the back of which was the emperor's cipher in brilliants. The friends were then allowed to leave the house. On examining the watch, the restaurateur concluded that it had been stolen, and took it to the commissary of police. The latter, recognising the imperial cipher, ran with it to the prefect. The prefect flew to the minister of the interior. The minister to the emperor, who was at St Cloud. The result of the whole was, that, on the following morning, the Moniteur contained an ordinance, in which the King of Westphalia was enjoined to repair to his government forthwith, and prohibited from conferring any appointments till his arrival in his capital.—Translated from a recent French publication.

### SONNETS.

'Tis night! and the long radiance of the west,  
Which floated from the cloud-empurpled hill,  
Hath faded into darkness—all is still;  
The winds are hushed, and nature is at rest.  
The wild deeds of the day no more infect  
Those who may still be watchful. In high heaven  
An open volume lies—to mortals given,  
That they may read the record therein traced:  
Those glorious characters of light, engraved  
On that far circling dome, high-roofed and fair—  
The glowing gems with which heaven's floor is paved—  
The hand-writ of Jehovah, shining there—  
All point us to the throne of him who saved!  
How fit this solemn hour—how formed for prayer!  
The day was dark and stormy; but the night  
Dawns into brightness, and the silvery moon  
Pours over sea and land her urn of light,  
Making of midnight a most pleasant noon.  
The autumn blasts were withering, and their blight  
Brought desolation; but a richer boon  
The balmy showers and breathing zephyrs bring;  
And the cold earth, fanned by the breath of spring,  
Again shall start into luxuriant life.  
Deformity and beauty—storm and calm—  
The day-dawn and the darkness—quiet and quail—  
Throughout all nature, mix and mingle, rife:  
Then, why should man expect a fixed state,  
Where all is change—or shrink beneath his fate?

[From a volume entitled "Tales and Sketches of the Scottish Peasantry, by Alexander Bethune, Labourer." Edinburgh, Fraser and Co. 1853.—Of this volume we have something to say hereafter.]

### A ROMANCE IN BEDOUIN LIFE.

THE following little episode, which occurs in the elegantly written travels of Lamartine in the Holy Land, reminds us of those barbarous but romantic times in our own country, which are referred to in the old border ballads:—

"We one day met a Bedouin, mounted on a fine black dromedary: the sheik saluted him with an air of concern, and inquired what had been the issue of his unfortunate adventure of the preceding year. I asked his history, and found the recital sufficiently interesting to give it a place in my journal. Aloian (this was the name of the Bedouin), while hunting the gazelle, arrived at a spot where broken lances, bloody sabres, and unburied corpses, indicated a recent battle. A plaintive sound, which scarcely reached his ear, attracted him to a pile of dead bodies, in the midst of which a young Arab still breathed. Aloian hastened to his assistance, placed him upon his dromedary, led him to his tent, and by his paternal cares restored him to life. After four months' convalescence, Farees (the wounded man) began to talk of his departure; but Aloian said to him, 'If we must absolutely separate, I will conduct you to your tribe, and there take leave of you with regret; but if you will remain with me, you shall be my brother, my mother shall be your mother, and my wife your sister: consider my proposal, and give it a deliberate answer.' 'Oh! my benefactor,' replied Farees, 'where shall I find such relations as you offer me? But for you, I should not now be living; my flesh would have been devoured by birds of prey, and my bones by the beasts of the desert: since you are willing to keep me, I will live with you, and serve you till the end of my life.'

A motive less pure than he dared to avow had prompted Farees's decision: love for Hafza, the wife of Aloian, who had been his nurse, was beginning to agitate his bosom, and was returned. Aloian, who entertained no suspicion, one day charged Farees to escort his mother, his wife, and two children, to a new encampment, while he went hunting. Farees could not resist this fatal opportunity: he loaded a camel with the tent, placed the mother and two children upon it, and sent them forward, saying that he would follow with Hafza on horseback. But the old woman looked back in vain: Hafza did not appear; Farees had carried her away upon an extremely swift mare to his tribe. In the evening Aloian arrived, fatigued with the chase, and searched in vain for his tent among those of his tribe. The old mother had been unable to pitch it without assistance, and he found her seated upon the ground with the two children. 'Where is Hafza?' said he. 'I have neither seen Hafza nor Farees,' replied she: 'I have been expecting them since the morning.' Then, for the first time, he suspected the truth; and having assisted his mother to fix the tent, he mounted his black dromedary, and rode two

days, till he came up to the tribe of Farees. At the entrance of the camp he stopped to speak to an old woman who was alone. 'Why do you not go to the sheik?' said she; 'there is a feast in the tribe to-day; Farees Ebn Mehidi, who had been wounded on a field of battle and wept for dead, is returned, bringing with him a beautiful woman; this evening their wedding is to be celebrated.' Aloian dissembled, and waited for the night: then, while all the camp slept, he introduced himself into the tent of Farees, separated his head from his body by a stroke of his sabre, and having carried the corpse out of the encampment, returned upon his steps, found his wife asleep, and woke her, saying, 'It is Aloian who calls thee.' She rose in terror and said, 'Save thyself, imprudent man! Farees and his brothers will kill thee.' 'Traitors!' replied he, 'what have I done to be thus treated? Have I ever contradicted or reproached thee? Hast thou forgotten all the cares I have lavished upon thee? Hast thou forgotten thy children? Come, rise, call upon God and follow me: accused by the devil who has tempted you to commit this folly!' But Hafza, far from being moved by this mildness of Aloian, exclaimed, 'Go hence! or I shall give the alarm, and call Farees to kill thee.' Seeing that there was nothing to be gained by remonstrance, he seized her, stopped her mouth, and in spite of her resistance placed her on a dromedary, which never paused till they were out of hearing of the camp. Then placing her behind him, he more leisurely continued his route.

At daybreak the corpse of Farees and the disappearance of his wife set the whole camp in a tumult. The father and brothers of Farees followed and overtook Aloian, who defended himself with heroic courage. Hafza, breaking off her bonds, joined the assailants, and threw stones at him, one of which struck him on the head and made him stagger. Aloian, however, though covered with wounds, conquered his adversaries: he killed the two brothers, and disarmed the father, saying it would be disgraceful to him to kill an old man; he restored him his mare, and advised him to return home; then seizing his wife anew, he pursued his route, and reached his tribe without having exchanged a word with her. He immediately assembled all her relations, and placing Hafza in the midst of them, said to her, 'Relate, thyself, all that has passed: I refer my cause to the judgment of thy father and brother.' Hafza told the tale truly, and her father, full of indignation, raised his sabre, and laid her dead at his feet."

### A PRACTICAL JOKE PUNISHED.

An old coal-dealer who had made a great deal of money by retailing coals, and living in a very penurious way, conceiving that he had at last sufficient to enable him to leave off business, and live like a gentleman, built himself a neat villa in the country, to which he retired. But such is the force of habit, that (to the great annoyance of his family, who wished him to "sink the shop") he was always unhappy unless in the cellar measuring his own coals. Among others who had often expostulated with him on the impropriety of so doing, was a favourite nephew, to whom he had given a good education, and supported in the first style. One morning, walking in his garden with his nephew, he said to him, "Henry, I want a motto, or something of that kind, to put up in front of my house; but I don't like your Grove House—Prospect Place—this Villa, and t'other Lodge. Come, you are a scholar, give me one, and let it be in Latin." "Well," replied the nephew, "what thing you of—Thus is industry rewarded!" "The very thing," says the uncle, "if you'll only put it into Latin." The nephew then taking out a pencil, wrote on a slip of paper, *Otium sine dignitate* (Ease without dignity), which he gave his uncle, who read it thus:—*Hottum sine dignitat*. "Ay, Henry," said the old man, "that'll do famously!" The next day he sent for a painter, who happened to know as little of the dead languages as himself, and the words were painted in large characters on a conspicuous part of the house. On the Sunday following, he happened to have a large party; and after dinner, as the company were strolling about the garden, to view his improvements, some read the words, but said nothing (not wishing, probably, to show their ignorance)—some said "they were prodigiously fine"—"so novel"—"so appropriate;" and to those who did not exactly happen to observe them, he was kind enough to point them out, and to explain the meaning, saying, "Thus is industry rewarded," and that "he was not ashamed of having gained a competency in trade." However, among the company there happened to be a Charter-house boy, who told the old gentleman that there must be some mistake, for they were the last words he should like to have put upon a house of his. This brought about an explanation; and the poor old coal-dealer was so struck with the malice and ingratitude of his nephew, that he instantly destroyed a codicil to his will, in which he had left him L5000, took to his bed, and died in a fortnight!—*Flowers of Anecdote.*

### NOTE.

In our recent notice of Mr Logan's work on Canada and the United States, we presented a short extract respecting a gentleman named Dickinson, who was said to have left Sault St Marie, on an expedition to California, for the purpose of taking it. A gentleman residing at Eltham, in Kent, writes to express a doubt of the accuracy of one particular of Mr Logan's narrative—namely, that Mr Dickinson left the Sault in debt—and encloses, as testimonials to the credit of that gentleman, two bills for considerable sums drawn by Mr Dickinson at that place, and about the time referred to by Mr Logan, on friends in London, which have been duly honoured. However the fact may stand, we readily express our regret at having quoted the passage in question, and we should be extremely sorry indeed to learn that our doing so had been in any respect injurious.

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